The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1801.

TO THE PUBLIC.

DENOUEMENT.

THIS *number of the* "Baltimore Weekly Magazine" *completes the third quarter, or nine months, ſince the commencement of its publication, and with it ends the work itſelf. To thoſe who have patroniſed the undertaking, I accord my ſincere thanks; and* even *to thoſe who have encouraged it with their* names, *and* not by a diſcharge of their reſpective dues, *I feel ſomewhat obliged, but ſhould conceive myſelf a great deal more ſo, if they would* now *promptly make their reſpective payments.*

VARIOUS *cauſes have occurred to induce the ceſſation of the Magazine; the moſt cogent, however, and the one which argues moſt forcibly with me is, that for the greater part of the time I have been on the loſing ſcale, which every perſon muſt acknowledge is not a very probable ſtation for remunerating expenditures; yet a conſideration that unleſs the ſeveral tales, hiſtories &c. were completed, the numbers theretofore publiſhed would be of no manner of ſervice whatever, induced me, notwithſtanding the ſacrifice of time and money, to continue the publication until that object was accompliſhed, which is the caſe this day. This circumſtance will account, in a great meaſure, for the dull monotony which for a conſiderable time paſt has appeared in the Magazine, and which it was impoſſible to avoid, for had the contents been more varied, and other matters been introduced to the excluſion of thoſe ſtories which were in continuation, it would have prolonged the work beyond the time contemplated.*

No *perſon, it is preſumed, can complain of not having received an equivalent for the price demanded, when it is conſidered that the* 'History of Jack Smith' *alone, ſells at this preſent time for* three dollars fifty cents, *which is conſiderably more than the price of this volume.*

NOTWITHSTANDING *ſome irregularity has occurred in the publication of the Magazine, ſtill the* full *quantity of numbers has been ſerved out to the ſubſcribers.*

☞ Mr. WILLIAM PECHIN *is authoriſed to receive all monies due for the Magazine, and give receipts for the ſame.*

J. B. COLVIN.

May 27th, 1801.

N. B. *For Sale*—A few ſets of this Magazine, price, *three dollars.*

FOR THE BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

—ILDEGERTE—

[CONCLUDED—*from page* 193.]

THE fair heroine of our tale did not ſpend much time in fruitleſs contrivances, but immediately with her Amazonian warriors and the remaining part of the defeated army, attacked the forces of the victorious Canfried, when that imperious chief fell with numbers of his licentious ſoldiery; but it is neceſſary here to remark, that Ildegerte was aſſiſted in this combat by the young and valiant king of Denmark, who afterwards was married to Ildegerte, with whom he lived for a conſiderable time in the moſt enviable happineſs, until by the machinations of his prime miniſter, his affections are eſtranged from our heroine, who retires from court, and is ſucceeded by a princeſs good and virtuous, but who did not equal Ildegerte in firmneſs—however, after a little time, the people ſaw their fatal error in ſuffering Ildegerte to be driven from the throne, and accordingly ſhortly after inſiſted upon her being recalled; ſhe came to court, where ſhe was adored as a goddeſs, but refuſed again to ſhare with the king his bed and throne;—It was ſettled, however, that the offſpring of Ildegerte ſhould inherit the throne from which ſhe had been ſo cruelly forced to recede, and then, accompanied by the tears and prayers of her people, ſhe departed for her caſtle, where, ſurrounded by her faithful maids, ſhe enjoyed all that happineſs which a virtuous conduct never fails to accord; whilſt the penitent monarch with his other queen, reluctantly occupied a throne, which was deprived of the preſence of our virtuous heroine.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE COTTAGER No. V.

CONCLUDED.

THE lady informed me that she had, some years before, married the younger son of an opulent family, who was an officer in a marching regiment; but no sooner had the father of her husband heard of this alliance, than he became so much enraged against him that he forbade him his presence, and refused him all pecuniary succor: thus reduced to necessity through his ardent affection for me, and compelled to subsist on his pay, his mind became somewhat inclined to gloominess, until the suggestions of a friend awakened in him the idea of embarking for India, and striving to obtain, in that inhospitable, though wealthy, clime, a competence to maintain ourselves in independence; we accordingly pursued this scheme and embarked for India, where, after a few years we accumulated a fortune, and expected in a short time to return home loaded with riches—but, alas! how fickle and variant are all sublunary expectations—My husband, when we were about to return to England, and on the point of procuring his discharge from the service of his Britannic majesty, was suddenly called upon to join his regiment, to aid in repressing the incursions of some seditious natives, who had risen in opposition to the British administration, and were ravaging and destroying the frontier settlements under the company's protection; unfortunately for me my husband fell in an engagement valiantly performing his duty. This event for some time retarded my return, and I spent almost two months in mourning this loss, almost totally secluded from society. In a short time after I was delivered of a fine daughter, who, in my then weak state was placed out to nurse, with a sum of money for her maintainance. On my recovery I enquired after my child; and requesting that it might again be put into my possession, was told that the nurse had been dead for some time, and that the child could not be heard of; thinking this conduct unaccountably strange, I set on foot enquiries in every possible form, but all in vain—and after vainly spending several months in endeavours to trace her, was compelled to return to England with a woe-worn heart, caused by the dire misfortunes I had met with during my residence in India. Arriving in my native country, I repaired to my husband's relations who received me very kindly, for being rich, every other thing with them followed of course.

Among my friends in England I passed my time agreeably enough for a little while, but the loss of my husband and child frequently recurring to my fancy, I became extremely unhappy; and finally resolved to return to India, and divert my sorrows by searching more minutely for my daughter:—I was on my passage to Madras, when we were overtaken by one of your cruisers, which places me in the most disagreeable situation. Here the lady finished. Shortly after she was introduced to the house of my worthy friend the India merchant—but what were her sensations when at the first interview she recognised in the young Eleanor her long lost daughter; she was for a time half frantic with joy. Suffice it to say, that her daughter was glad to find so good and kind a parent.—After being engaged in the privateering trade I amassed considerable wealth, as also did young Villers. In the course of time I prevailed on Eleanor to become my wife, and we lived happily together, until the villainous Villers found means to seduce her affections and finally ran off with her. A young daughter which I had by this ill starred woman, I have ever since cherished and bro't up in the paths of virtue. My false wife and friend I left to the enjoyment of their vices, and many years since I retired to these happy states and near this flourishing town, to enjoy in solitude the blessings of Heaven.

—:⊙:—

HISTORY of JACK SMITH.

[*Concluded from page 300.*]

The morning after the ball, as soon as the breakfast was over at Mr. Clover's, Mr. Modeley, taking his daughter's arm with the fond affection of a parent under his, led her to a retired walk not far from the house, and thus addressed her—'Your duty and affection for your father, my dear girl, has ever been the boasted comfort of my life, and I trust you will not accuse your father of much harshness or severity, and will forgive ——.' 'Talk not, my beloved father,' said the amiable daughter, 'of my forgiveness, or of your harshness and severety. You have always been my protecting angel, and the care and trouble you have had on my account, must have embittered many precious moments of your life.' 'Well, my dear Eliza,' replied Mr. Modeley, 'we will say no more of this. But it is proper you should now know, in justification of the son of my friend, that his conduct towards me at Oxford was very different from what was imposed upon you and your aunt. With Sir Sandy's character you are thoroughly acquainted; the other chief informer is an envious wretch of a different cast, though equally as unworthy of credit as the former. The supposed blow I received from Captain Smith, was purposely provoked by me; in truth it was not properly a blow, as it was with his open hand he pushed me from him. I have never borne him one moment's anger for the deed, but in my own heart I should have condemned him had he behaved otherwise. From the very first time I saw Capt. Smith, when he had rescued you from the villains, I saw the danger that was to be apprehended from an acquaintance with so engaging a youth, where gratitude had laid the foundation. I endeavoured to crush it in the bud. I put on an appearance of ingratitude, very far from my feelings, and seeing no means of your escaping the connection with Sir Sandy, I considered what I did as my duty both as your parent and guardian.'

'Dear Sir, do not excuse your conduct to me. You can do no wrong, I am sure.'

'You must not interrupt me, my love; I shall soon have finished. I, from the first acquaintance, made enquiries concerning your protector. I found he was portionless and fatherless, with a few friends, who had more the will than the means to greatly serve him. Pecuniary supplies, I thought, would not be disagreeable. From time to time I privately supplied him with small sums, as his occasions seemed to require them, without his ever knowing the hand from whom they came: thus, in some measure, I made atonement to my conscience for the ingratitude I had been guilty of. The dissipated life he afterwards lived, of which you yourself have been the witness, I fear disappointment and despair hurried him into. I have no manner of doubt, at present, that he is both conscious of his former follies, and has bravely thrown them aside. The officers, who were with him at the Cape, many of whom I intimately know, speak of him as well for his moral as his military conduct. All my objections then are vanished, every obstacle is gone, and if my Eliza still

beholds him with the same eyes, the consent of her father shall no longer be wanting.' The notes of Mr. Modeley were in perfect unison with the sensations of his charming daughter, and were I master of music, I would here enlarge my metaphor, with a proper application of concords and discords, &c. &c. &c. till I had flattered myself, that I had worked the reader also to a proper tune; but, as it is, he must be satisfied with a simple continuation of my tale.

Pass we over the dinner, and the almost rudeness of our hero in flying from the battle to join his beloved mistress, whom he saw from the window, walking with the other ladies in the garden: full five long minutes did he continue in his chair after he saw them: ten times had he answered wrong as many questions, without knowing what was said to him. "Smith," said his friend Freeman, archly, "You look faint; a turn in the garden, I think, would cool and recover you." "Not for the world," said Colonel Grey, 'twill but inflame the poor fellow the more: has nobody a good long story to tell him to turn the course of his thoughts?' 'I am afraid his senses are affected:' continued Freeman, 'I remark he *hears* imperfectly, and *speaks* very incoherently.' 'He *looks* wildly too,' added the Colonel; "there is a fine orange upon his plate untouched; I doubt if he can *smell*; I would some fair lady were here to give him a *pinch!* we should then know if he can *feel*." "I remember," said our hero, pretending to look grave, "it was a maxim of Marshal——— when your assailants prove too powerful, make your retreat as soon as possible; to such authority I must submit." So saying he hastened out of the room, and joined the ladies in the garden.

The married ladies, acting according to the good old Christian maxim, soon left Captain Smith and Miss Modeley alone: opportunity was seldom lost upon our hero, ever inclined to seize old Time by his forelock; the only difference now was, that he took his hold with more care and prudence, and therefore was more likely to retain him.

The violent lover, who had before poured forth vows of everlasting love and constancy without thought or reason, at present timid, but equally firm and true, gradually and clearly unravelled his whole soul to his adored mistress. 'Think not, my ever dear Eliza,' continued he, 'that I will offer any excuse for my former ill conduct; but, Oh! believe me, that in whatever situation I have been, one smile from you could at once have commanded me. I love you, and never any so well as you; may I hope you have not forgotten your former kindness, and will forgive my ———.' it is one of the most difficult things for a true lover to finish his speech well. Miss Modeley, duly considering this, darted so kind a glance at the prostrate youth, that she quickly changed the course of his oratory. "Do I look," said she, "as if I had forgotten, and could not forgive?" The Captain waited for no more, but sealed the candid confession with the warm kiss of love. To the profusion of an enraptured mind which our hero poured forth, Miss Modeley, with her looks upon the ground, replied, "To see you once more safe returned, to find you are again the same I first gave my vows to, to hear you are approved of by my father,—need I say more?" "No, no, no,' cried the youth, half mad with joy, "my most charming, most constant Eliza, you are alone the same, thus ever merciful, true, and sincere.' Oh! how shall I repay ———' "My dear Mr. Smith," said the charming girl, "hush! be moderate: see our fathers are coming towards us.'

Mr. Smith, senior, and Mr. Modeley came up, and joined those hands, whose hearts had been so long united.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind nature's hand,
Nor was perfection made for man below;
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plan'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.

THE MINSTREL.

WITH the consent and approbation of all parties, Miss Modeley considered our hero as her future husband: nor was the time far distant—they waited but for the necessary adjustment of the lawyers. Mr. Modeley, Mrs. Herriot, and his daughter left Mr. Clover's for Mr. Modeley's house in town, where (lodgings having been before prepared) our hero, his father, and Mr. Freeman, were to meet Captain Willis. The Captain soon returned from Portsmouth; Sir J. Morgan willingly resigned the St. Donats estate, which Mr. Smith insisted upon giving up to his son on his marriage.

A few days before the celebration, Captain Smith was agreeably surprised to meet his old friend Wiffle in Bond-street; he drew up his head, and to Smith's warm salutation, 'Oh! Wiffle I am extremely glad to see you,' replied with the studied bow of a dancing master—

'Your most obedient Mr. Smith, I beg pardon, *Captain* Smith; have you been long in the metropolis? You were with our armies, I think, at the Cape? How go on our affairs there? Can I be of any service to you? I beg you will command me; immensely happy to serve so old a friend: you may depend upon every exertion in my power for your promotion."

'Heyday!' said our hero, laughing, 'I am all in a mist.'

'It is extremely hard,' continued Wiffle, stifling a laugh, 'that a member of Parliament, a courtier, must be the trumpeter of his own honours.'

'A member of Parliament and courtier!' retorted our hero with surprise.

'Even so, my good friend,' said Wiffle, resuming his old way, 'and since I have given you a specimen of true parliamentary language *out* of doors, I hope you will give me the credit that I shall do very well *within*. At present, I will divest myself of the new made honours, and tell you how extremely glad I am to see you again in England; though I must say you should have offered to my honourable person a little bit of the incense of flattery.'

'Most august senator,' began our hero, 'pride of thy country, terror of its enemies, glory of the realm, brightest jewel of the crown, and——and guardian angel of the people's rights—'

'Very well, very well,' said Wiffle, 'you begin right enough; I'll excuse you the rest till some other time. Now, if you are not better employed, I'll take a turn with you in the Park, and give you the history of these my blushing honours.'

Our hero consented: Wiffle took his arm, and as they walked, thus began: 'The source of my greatness is your old acquaintance Symms.'

'Ah? I've heard he has a borough: is he in town!'

'He will be to-morrow.'

'I shall be very glad to see him: he is, I suppose, the other member!'

'Yes. Symms, you know,' continued Wiffle, 'is a man of few words, which perhaps, has been the occasion of our intimacy, as I generally make up the number for both. He asked me last year to accompany him into Devonshire, where he was going to take possession of the large estate that was left him; all the neighbourhood came to pay their compliments to a man of his consequence; the two members for ——, Symms's borough, waited on him. It was very well known there was to be a new Parliament the following year, and they were in hopes that Symms, whose abilities they had a very low opinion of, would permit them to retain their seats.

'The Honourable Mr. Lascole, Lord Lacdacre's son, one of the members, is a complete courtier; he bowed, smiled, assented, and playedoff all his courtly graces to gain the patronage of the great man Symms; the other, Colonel Sanfire, an excellent soldier in the House of commons, affects the manners of an experienced warrior; speaks, with a plausible confidence, on most subjects, and prides himself not a little on his oratory.

'Every thing was said and done by the two gentlemen that might ingratiate themselves with their patron, who made little reply, but seemed wrapped in attention at their judicious remarks, polite flattery, and experimental knowledge of the great things going forward in this country. The coxcomical turn of the two characters soon set my tongue a going; I asked the sapient gents a few odd questions, which confused and astonished the courtier, and nonplussed not a little the military orator. The soldier, you must know, has never been out of England but three months in his life, ten weeks of which were palled away upon the blank seas; yet is he ever talking of his personal knowledge of the strength and situation of every fortress and port in Europe.

'I had been looking in a large map that morning, which hung in the library, to find the rout of the French fleet after Lord————'s glorious victory, and easily puzzled his geographical knowledge. I dealt with the other, an affirmative animal, after the clue which Hamlet has given me in his ridicule of Ostrick. I rather suspect that they thought at last I was laughing at them, but they had treated me so cavalierly, had seemed so certain of our raw ignorance, and the Colonel had given such confounded specimens of the knowing traveller, that I could not possibly resist the temptation. 'What think you, Wiffle,' said Symms to me after their departure, 'of *my* Members of Parliament?' 'I think, Symms.' said I, 'you have had my opinion pretty freely already.' 'As for that Honourable Mr. Lascole,' said Symms, 'I'll prove as good a senator as him in two minutes.' I need not describe to you, Smith, how well Symms immediately took him off: after we had laughed our fill, 'I flatter myself you can make as good an orator as the Colonel, and since my country will not be injured by the exchange, what say you for giving up all thoughts of the Archbishoprick, and aiding me in giving laws to our country?' 'You are certainly not in earnest,' said I, 'for I have no such thoughts.' 'I was never more in earnest,' replied Symms; 'I hate long speeches; but, upon my life, if you'll accept of one seat at the next election, it is at your service, and we'll divide the fatigue of the borough betwixt us.'

'You will believe I was greatly obliged to Symms for this proof of his friendship. I had little inclination, and was still less fit for the church, which my uncle was determined on; and I must have preached with an ill will and worse grace, or starved at once, but for this offer of Symms.'

'You have a seat in the House of Commons,' said our hero, 'but are you on that account furnished with food and clothing?'

'I need not give you a direct answer to your question,' replied Wiffle, 'when I inform you, the Minister has thought proper to offer me a post under Government, which my will as well as my poverty, induced me to accept.' Smith smiled. 'Nay,' continued Wiffle, interpreting the smile, 'I've had offers too from the other side. Did you remark that dark ill looking man that bowed to me a few moments ago?' 'Yes,' replied Smith. 'Well,' continued Wiffle, 'he called upon me the other morning with liberal offers from the Opposition; he is a furious friend of the people of virtue, of humanity; I'll give you a slight sketch, as he happens to be a brother soldier.

'He is a———— in the army, Member for————, chosen by the great interest of his family, who are capital merchants in the slave trade: the present war is the bane of this honourable traffic, therefore the humane———— will declaim for many a long hour on the miseries of war, and the invaluable blessings of peace, while perhaps, on the morrow, he will talk on the comforts of slavery, and sneer at the laudable endeavours of those who attempt to abolish that cruel and inhuman commerce, which drags the innocent negro from his home, which sells him as a beast of burden, and compels him to work to the utmost with whips and tortures at the will of a selfish master.'

'These are the wretches,' said our hero, with indignation, 'that throw a blemish on the honourable name of patriot; to hear such a one cry out upon the praise of humanity, justice, and liberty, makes the very name of virtue suspected and feared.'

'Yet this very man, Smith, in the late American war, made it his boast, that he had destroyed numbers of the unarmed natives: he rode out in the morning to the slaughter, and, in the evening, gloried in the massacres he had perpetrated. When I see such as these the leaders of a party, the vociferating reformers of the kingdom, with words of honey on their tongue, and bitter gall in their hearts, I lay no burden on my conscience in accepting the offers of the great man; and besides, let me inform you, that I am no idle pensioner, but regularly attend in my office three days in the week, from twelve in the morning till four in the afternoon.

'Well, my dear fellow,' said our hero, 'I heartily congratulate you, though we may not exactly agree in politics; I am very happy in hearing this favourable account: but where are your gibes and your jests, which were wont to set our Oxford table in a roar; all given up, not one pun left?'

'I wish they had *left* me before,' cried he, 'I have been practising to speak without that ornament ever since I made my initiating speech at the election, and,' assuming a grave tone, 'I assure you that ridiculous habit was become so common, I was obliged to write down my speech, and afterwards get it by heart; yet, with all my care I blundered on a fine string at the end."

'Do favour me with them.'

'No, no, upon my honour.'

'My dear Wiffle, me! your old friend! Smith!'

'I am quite ashamed; I have repented it ever since, but I was tempted, by the huzzas of the populace, to lengthen my speech beyond the writing, and spoiled it all.'

'Pray let me have it; you'll greatly oblige me.'

'Well, then,' continued Wiffle, 'there was a great cry of 'Your principles! your principles!' I replied, 'The *principle* of all my principles, gentlemen, is the wel-

fare of my country; next, I am a ſtaunch advocate for the ſupport of our fleet, for I look upon it *as our ſupport*; and though I profeſs myſelf no friend to a large ſtanding army, I truſt the Britiſh ſoldiers will ever *keep firm their ground*; I glory too in the Rights of Man, but I think no one has *a right to be a villain*. I reſpect the laws of equality, but will never be taught them *by a Frenchman*, or aid him in gaining an equality here. Do you enquire if I am a Miniſterialiſt? Yes, if I can miniſter to the *wants of my country*. Am I an Oppoſitioniſt? Undoubtedly, againſt its *errors*, its *crimes*, and its *vices*. The firſt *place* I am anxious for, is the *feat* you can grant me; the only penſion on the *civil* liſt I require, is the glorious penſion of *peace*, for you, for me, for all my country men. Do not miſtake me, gentlemen, though my intention is *peaceable*, I mean alſo an *able peace*, not the baſe ſubmiſſion of a conquered nation, but ſuch rights, ſuch indemnifications, ſuch ſecurities, as a free, a brave, a generous people may demand.'

'Well, Wiffle,' ſaid Smith, 'if there was any harm in your puns, you made up for them in your concluding ſentiment; but I ſhould conceive that they were not loſt on the multitude?' 'No,' replied Wiffle, 'they ſeemed to make way among the populace very well, more grateful than grating; they even compared my oratory to a famous Methodiſt preacher's in thoſe parts, which is the beſt lecture I ever had upon punning. But ſee! who comes here; as I live 'tis that whetſtone of wit, but of ridicule, echo of folly; like a drum he is hollow and empty, of no manner of uſe unleſs ſome one is playing upon him. In the name of wonder, what ſuperb fine lady has he got under his arm? Marmaduke, your moſt obedient.'

'Ah! Captain Smith, *mon cher amie*, eſcaped the all-conquering French. Mr. Wiffle, how d'ye do? give me leave to preſent to you both Mrs. Marmaduke Pendragon.' Wiffle and our hero made their obeiſance, and looked at one another with ſome ſurpriſe. Our hero addreſſed them, 'I have not had the pleaſure of hearing of your happineſs before Mr. Marmaduke, but it is with the greateſt ſatisfaction I congratulate you; and wiſh Mrs. M. Pendragon and yourſelf joy upon this occaſion.' 'May I aſk,' ſaid Wiffle, aſſuming his new character of the courtier, 'from what period you date the æra of your connubial felicity?'

'Oh!' ſaid Marmaduke, gueſſing at the meaning of the enquiry, 'I have been married about an Engliſh week.'

'I preſume,' replied Wiffle, '*you* compute your time by decades; if four of them make the month, you'll have a long honey-moon in your favour' Marmaduke was at a loſs what to anſwer; our hero jogged Wiffle, and luckily prevented ſome wicked queſtion juſt coming out; yet Wiffle, in defiance of our hero, could not forbear a parting ſentiment, 'Good morning, Marmaduke,' ſaid he, 'and I hope, when we meet next, to congratulate you on a *radical reform*, ſince you have had the happineſs to meet with *ſo fair a repreſentative*' Whether Mrs. Pendragon had read Lord Cheſterfield I cannot ſay, but ſhe ſhewed the *ſpirit* of that faſhionable author, and took Mr. Wiffle's ſpeech in the light of a compliment; exchanging addreſſes, they ſeparated and Smith and the Member of Parliament continued their walk.

'So,' ſays Wiffle, 'our political antagoniſt has ſucceeded in part, and I might have given him joy of having obtained a *laſting peace*: but to whom, in the name of wonder, can this Marmaduke be married?' 'We ſhall ſoon ſee ſomebody to enquire of,' replied Smith.

'Oh! yonder is Lepauper,' cried Wiffle, 'a wretch who has ſo little worth of his own, that he endeavours to borrow ſome by uſing the name, and knowing the hiſtory of all others, the very ſcum of the pot of greatneſs, froth and frowſy, with nothing left of the flavour but the ſtink: the red book is his law, philoſophy, and divinity; I am certain he has ſeen the new edition, and heard of my preferment: he will ſoon join us.'

'What, he has forgiven you the Vauxhall trick?'

Oh! that's of no import; his forgiveneſs and his revenge are both meaſured by a man's conſequence; he is a perfect ſhadow of other men's greatneſs. Good morning, Mr. Lepauper; I hope Lady Amelia is well?'

'I am infinitely obliged to you, Mr. Wiffle. Captain Smith, your humble ſervant; permit me to congratulate you on your laurels. Lady Amelia is rather indiſpoſed. I give you joy, Mr. Wiffle, of your election.'

'I have this moment,' ſaid Wiffle, coming at once to the point, 'met your old friend, Marmaduke Pendragon.'

'Oh! my dear Sir, don't mention it; did you ſee his wife?'

'Yes: who is the fair enſlaver?'

'Shocking! I declare, I am all in a perſpiration at the very thought: this odious democracy! he is married to Jakes's ſiſter.'

'What the ſiſter of him we me at his rooms in the Temple.'

'The ſame: Jakes's father was a country butcher: Miſs Jakes had always lived in the country, apprenticed to a milliner, till her brother ſent for her to town: they ſay it was all a ſcheme. Poor Marmaduke, I pity him from my ſoul! one of the firſt families in the kingdom. It has given me a great deal of trouble; and what with the misfortune in my own family—'

'Really! I've not heard,' replied Wiffle, putting on a doleful face; 'what is your uncle the Baronet dead?'

'Ah! no, no, no,' continued Lepauper, 'worſe and worſe, my dear Sir; he is married! married to Margery, his cook, by whom he had two children before! The day after the wedding, Margery was delivered of a ſon and heir. My poor dear Lady Amelia! it almoſt broke her heart; but ſhe is gone to pay the wedding viſit to day. See! there is my uncle and his bride driving up the Park in their new chariot and liveries. Excuſe me, gentlemen, I muſt go and pay my reſpects to them, for he has promiſed to get me a place at Court.'

'Don't let me detain you, my dear Sir, ſaid Wiffle, 'I hope you'll, at leaſt, come in for a ſop in your aunt's pan.'

'What a wretch!' ſaid Smith, 'is that Lepauper: never was pride and meanneſs more conſpicuous; if he had continued with us any longer, I could not have reſtrained my contempt.'

'Pride and meanneſs,' added Wiffle, 'go together like a blind beggar and his cur. Marmaduke has married a good jolly damſel, and, though ſhe is a butcher's daughter, I ſhould prefer her to Lepauper,s boaſted helpmate.'

'I'd rather,' ſaid Smith, 'at a venture, take his uncle's cook-maid: the match of the Baronet's ſheers all the honours of this imp of quality.'

'If I thought the fellow would be of any ſervice,' replied Wiffle, jocoſely, 'I'd take him into my office, and make him an under clerk.'

'He was ſome years with an attorney,' ſaid Smith.

I'll wager any thing' replied Wiffle, 'the law practiſes upon him before he practiſes on the law.'

'You forget the place at Court—'

'Which the intereſt of the cook-maid is to get him.'

'Are there no hopes from his wife's noble relations?'

'The Earl has ſeven younger ſons of his own to provide for.'

'Poor Lepauper!' concluded our hero, 'then I really pity thee, and think thou art ſufficiently puniſhed for thy pride by diſappointed poverty.'

Our hero and his friend, Wiffle, had by this time, arrived at the bottom of the Park, and, after mutual invitations and promiſes of renewing their acquaintance, ſeparated.

Captain Smith was haſtening along Piccadilly when a ſervant, in an handſome livery, ran after him, and, pointing to a carriage on the other ſide the way, ſaid, 'His miſtreſs begged to ſpeak to him.' Our hero had not time to aſk the man who was his miſtreſs, before the fellow had returned.

Our hero was at no period of his life aſhamed to ſpeak to any one who required him; and though he concluded this was ſome memento of his former folly, perhaps Mrs. Cherville or ſome of her friends, he very quietly walked acroſs to the carriage.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Almighty from his throne on earth ſurveys
Nought greater than an honeſt humble heart.
An humble heart his reſidence! pronounced
His ſecond ſeat, and rival to the ſkies.
The private path, the ſecret acts of men
If noble, far the nobleſt of our lives.

YOUNG.

WHEN Captain Smith came nearer, he concluded it was ſome miſtake: a very faſhionable chariot with two poſtillions, and two ſervants, on horſeback, in elegant liveries, as juſt arrived from the country; a young handſome female, whom he did not recollect, was looking towards him out of the window, and immediately accoſted him—'Mr Smith! I think I can't be miſtaken: you don't recollect me, I ſee.' Our hero bowed, and ſmiling added, 'Yes, Ma'am, I remember your countenance, though I cannot exactly——'

'Do you forget your nameſake, whom you left under the protection of the Count Floreni in Italy,' ſaid the lady in a low tone.

The enigma was explained in a moment. 'My dear Ma'am,' continued our hero, 'your looks aſſure me I ſee you in health; the Count I hope is well; is he in England?' My *huſband* will be here in a moment,' replied the lady, laying an emphaſis on the word, huſband; but we have a houſe in P——Square; will you favour us with a call to morrow? moſt likely you are engaged today? Count Floreni and myſelf will be both moſt happy to ſee you.' Smith anſwered in the affirmative and took his leave.

When Captain Smith arrived at his lodgings, he related to his friends the occurrences of the day, which afforded them a large field for converſation. * * *

They all dined with Mr. Modeley; after dinner the ſubject turned on the Count Floreni; Mr. Modeley ſaid, he had heard that gentleman was in England, and that the Counteſs was an Engliſh woman. Our hero replied, that he was indebted to her parents for his name, and to the lady herſelf for the cruciſix, which had diſcovered his father, and that he had ſeen them both in Italy.

In the morning Smith called: the houſe, apartments, and the whole eſtabliſhment, beſpoke the noble owner: the Count received our hero with the moſt viſible pleaſure.

'To you I am indebted for my preſent happineſs,' ſaid he; 'for you it was that protected and reſcued my dear Fanny.' The lady was not backward in teſtifying her acknowledgements, and it afforded no little happineſs to our hero to perceive them ſo well ſatisfied with one another. 'I am come, my dear friend,' ſaid the Count, 'to fix my reſidence in this country for life; I found the levelling principle of the French faſt approaching in my own country: unable to oppoſe it, I have ſold all my property; the greater part of the purchaſe-money is in the public funds, with the reſt I have bought an eſtate, and ſettled it on my dear Fanny; we have three children; you ſhall ſee them.' The Counteſs walked out of the room. 'How happy am I,' continued the Count, 'to ſay they were all born in wedlock. My good girl never concealed from me a ſingle circumſtance of her former life; I was pleaſed with candour, and have had a thouſand proofs of her affections. I offered of my own accord, to marry her, but I urged the legitimacy of a coming family; we were married, and, if poſſible, her fidelity and gratitude are increaſed. It was by her advice I took a farewell of Italy, and it is a very lucky circumſtance I departed ſo ſoon.'

At this moment the lady entered with the children, two boys and a girl, with open and healthy countenances.

Captain Smith, in his turn, gave the Count a conciſe account of his affairs; he ſlightly hinted, he hoped ſoon to be ſettled for life; and promiſed to keep up the acquaintance.

The day at laſt arrived that was to unite our hero with his adored Miſs Modeley.

Shall I paint the feelings of both upon the occaſion, or ſhall I leave it to thy imagination, reader? the rapturous, but delicate ſenſations, which thrilled the anxious nerves of the young Captain, the glowing thoughts which warmed his very ſoul, are ſo unlike thoſe which Plutus labours to puff into a blaze, or with which the ſenſual breath of a Satyr ſcorches the human frame, that laſt or avarice would be but little pleaſed with the deſcription; the dull apathy of pride, the tawdry gloſs of honour would ſtill leſs reliſh it. When I conſider, therefore, the vaſt numbers who enter into the connubial ſtate as ſlaves to ſome vice or other, and remember, at the ſame time, the pathetic energy with which a Richardſon, a Smollet, and a Fielding, not to mention the many fair females (for in truth, ladies ye bear the bell) who have excelled in the delineation of the matrimonial feelings of true love, I ſhall act moſt prudent by waving the deſcription. As a plain narrator, I ſhall conciſely mention that Captain Smith was married to Miſs Modeley, *

His friend (late) Lord Edward, now Marquis of Derry, and his lady, with Mr. Freeman and Sir Harry and Lady Valence, were the only unrelated attendants at the ceremony.

Captain Smith and his lovely bride remained a few weeks in town before they ſet off to the favorite Caſtle of St. Donats, to which place Mr Smith and Mr. Modeley, and Captain Willis accompanied them; Mr. Freeman having departed to the Caſtle a few days after their marriage.

Leaving our young couple to the enjoyment of that happineſs, the ſteady virtue of the one, and the noble reformation of the other ſo truly deſerved, I ſhall cloſe

my history with a few words concerning some other characters mentioned in these pages.

The old castle is now comfortably habitable; and Mr. Smith, the father of our hero, blessed with his children, and his grandchildren, and living with them, has never, for a moment, repented the sacrifice he offered up to the altar of vanity.

Mr. Modeley and Mrs. Heriot, (who reside with them) are also frequent visiters, and generally spend the summer at the castle.

Captain Willis has purchased an estate in the neighborhood, for the pleasure of being near his relations.

The Marquis of Derry and his beloved Mary are generally at the seat which the duke gave them at their marriage; he has, as well as his friend Smith, a fine family who already loving the tutelary genius of their father, Freeman, with all the enthusiasm of their parents.

Mr. Freeman himself resides at the vicarage, that was given him by his grace, in the same parish with the marquis, and about six miles from St Donats; perfectly satisfied with his present income, he has even refused other preferments at a distance from his beloved spot. I need not repeat the grateful offers which have been made him by his young friends, or say that he is as well beloved as ever for the practice of those virtues, already so fully described.

Colonel and Mrs. Grey frequently cross the water; they have no family, and therefore have fewer enducements to stay at home; but that gives them not the smallest concern, while their acquaintance tell them it is the greatest blessing, as they would certainly spoil them. Old Abraham is yet alive, a venerable and worthy old fixture. Mrs. Mary, not less blooming, still receives our hero, whenever he visits the Colonel, with open arms and a warm salute. Dick is become rather more sedate, boasting six fine boys, all of whom he declares shall serve his Majesty.

Brown, his brother, Captain Smith's former valet, is now promoted to be Commander in Chief at the castle, and Major Domo in the family.

Let me not forget Sir Harry and Lady Valence, their brother, Clareden, and his amiable Countess, who all seem perfectly happy with their lot, and are never more so than when they make an annual visit into Glamorgan shire.

Symms acquits himself very well in his Parliamentary business; and Wiffle, who has married his sister, talks for them both: in his last letter to Captain Smith, he mentions that his young son, three years old, had already shewed such inclinations for punning, that he believed he must send him to be broke of that bad habit to Lepauper, who, as a dernier resort, by the recommendation of his uncle, had lately, on a *liberal* and *genteel* plan, commenced schoolmaster, taking a few young gentlemen for private tuition. Lady Amelia's noble and *sapient* relations had sent him a child or two, and his uncle had favoured him with his two former sons born out of wedlock.

Marmaduke's wife proves a notable dame, and by her good management has restored his shattered affairs; she has taken the command of every thing into her own hands; drove *democracy and infidelity* out of his head;—taught him the *blessings of absolute power*; and fixed *his belief* to whatever she thinks proper.

Sir Sandy Simeon Swain, fearful of the issue of his law-suit, proposes an amicable settlement of the affair, which is agreed to. Sir Sandy, on certain conditions, holds the estates for his life, and after him they are settled on Mrs. Smith and her family forever.

Of Mrs. Cherville I have very little to say; the impetuosity of her passions hurried her into a foolish match; her husband, who is an officer, immediately took her abroad, and they now reside in one of our distant settlements.

In traversing over the occurrences of captain Smith, and of his more particular connections and acquaintance, so wide and extensive has been the field, that I have been frequently led from the chief and original points; I have curtailed the history in various places; I have omitted many circumstances; I have neglected to remark and enlarge on others: and from the large mass of facts which crowd upon My mind, I have endeavoured to select the most necessary and useful:—this will account for the little that has been said upon some characters which were fully described, especially Mr. Selfwill at the end of the XIIth chapter, though he is a gentleman well known to our hero and his freinds and is still strong and hearty; but I must not attempt to apologize, for though I may know when to begin, I shall find it difficult to tell where to leave off.

Shall I offer a moral to those pages? Reader, if thou thyself hast not long before found one, to very little purpose have I written them, and to still less hast thou read them.

I trust this history is no enigma, which requires a moral at the end by way of solution.

DEATH THE DESTROYER.

CHILD of the dust! from whence art thou?
Why glooms that cloud athwart thy brow?
Why heaves the breast with heart felt sighs?
Or whence those tears that drown thine eyes?

Alas! at early morn I've seen,
The blushing rose with leaf of green,
Its beautious form to sight dispense,
And waft perfumes regaling sense;
Whilst brilliant flowrets side by side,
Have wanton'd in luxuriant pride;
And burst upon the wond'ring view,
In the bright rainbow's varied hue;
Or pour'd Arabia's balmy breath
O'er mossy hill, and turfted heath;
At eve I look'd—the stalks were dead,
The fading tints of grace were fled;
Their garments dipp'd in ether's dye,
No longer charm'd the gazer's eye;
But rudely scatter'd here and there,
No more the rural maiden's care,
They slept unnotic d round the plain,
Nor Laura gather'd them again.

Alas! at early morn I've seen,
A stately tree adorn the green;
As the proud column rais'd sublime,
Its trunk disdain d the storms of time;
Strong roots diffuse—extended far,
Its summit top'd the neighb'ring star;

On high it rear'd the reverend head,
Around the mighty branches ſpread;
Its ſhadow caſt a pleaſant ſhade,
And cool'd the ſun beams as they play'd;
At eve I look'd—by winds upborne,
The boughs were rent, the branches torn;
Fierce eaſtern gales, which ſwept around,
Had thrown its trunk acroſs the ground;
The woodman's axe with pond'rous ſtroke,
Diſſever'd limbs in pieces broke;
Or worms (ſure ſymptom of decay)
E'en to the pith had work'd their way.

Alas! at early morn I've ſeen,
Innum'rous inſects rove the green;
Now ſporting blithe in air ſublime;
Now ſkimming light o'er muddy ſlime;
On wings thrice ſteep'd in golden dyes,
Or tinge cærulean of the ſkies;
Envolving ſwift as rays of light,
They baffled oft the eagle's ſight;
Whilſt all the gems that ever ſhone
On Perſia's crown, or India's throne,
United in one noontide blaze,
Eclips'd meridian glory's rays;

At eve I look'd—with her faint ſun,
Their little toil of life was done;
The trout that ſwam along the pool,
Had caught the eaſy faithleſs fool;
The ſwallow cow'ring from her neſt,
Of them prepar'd a ſumptuous feaſt;
The ſpider ſpinning fate's fine thread,
On careleſs playful myriads fed.

Alas! alas! indeed I've ſeen,
A more affecting ſolemn ſcene;
'Twas man, in all the ſtrength of pride,
With health and beauty at his ſide;
His limbs were active, nervous, ſtrong,
He leap'd, he walk'd, he danc'd along;
His ſoul, his ſpirit, body, mind,
Was bright, capacious, firm, refin'd;

At eve I look'd—behold him dead,
The duſt around his corpſe was ſpread;
His life, his breath, his powers were gone,
No more he hails the bluſhing dawn;
Hence are my tears, and hence my ſighs,
Whatever lives, as ſurely dies;
All that are born, and all that's made,
Are ſhadowy ſhadows of a ſhade;
The ſon! the ſire! the huſband! wife!

* * * * * * * * * *

INDEX.

For the convenience of readers, it is conceived neceſſary to publiſh an INDEX *to thoſe ſtories which have been continued, with intermiſſions, throughout this publication.*

ADVENTURES of a Louſe, *commenced*, 157
concluded, 205
CHARACTER of a Gentlemen, *commenced*, 12
concluded, 18
Cottager, No. 1, *commenced*, 36
2, *continued*, 53
3, *ditto*, 68
4, *ditto*, 119
5, *concluded*, 306
EDRIC of the Foreſt, *commenced*, 157
concluded, 205
ILDEGERTE, *commenced*, 9
continued, 17
ditto, 26
ditto, 49
ditto, 105
ditto, 193
concluded, 305
LEONORA, *commenced*, 280
concluded, 282
MARTIN Jack, Hiſtory of, *commenced*, 110
continued, 127
ditto, 129
ditto, 137
ditto, 156
ditto, 182
ditto, 190
ditto, 230
ditto, 286
concluded, 300
PAULINE de Rivieres, *commenced*, 44
continued, 50
concluded, 59
SCHABRACO, *commenced*, 116
continued, 123
ditto, 133
ditto, 142
ditto, 148
concluded, 207
Smith Jack, the Hiſtory of, *commenced in the firſt, and continued in every number.*

FINIS.

History of Jack Smith Continued

from page 1 to

4	107	222
11	115	230
26	123	239
348 35	134	245
42 44	141	255
52	151	263
60	173	271
68	181	278
75	190	286
85	206	295
90	210	300
examined to 99	20	306

MICROFILMED

by

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

PHOTODUPLICATION SERVICE